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THE PERSONAL
Path to Power
AND
Poetic Expressions

BY
M. C. HAUBOLD



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M. C. HAUBOLD
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M. C. HAUBOLD

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE



THE Personal Path to Power outlines a practical method of accumulating and stressing the power which flows from the subconscious mind into conscious expression.



M. C. H.

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THE PERSONAL PATH TO POWER



Be still,—keep silent,—fly not here nor yonder but seek to know thy own true self. For within thyself dwells the “Thinker,” who abides on the threshold between the seen and the unseen.

Waste not thy vital power in discontent, in nervous waste, in restless running to and fro, in worrying, in gossiping, in fretting, or in excesses, these are but evidences of its dislike to be confined. Yet herein lies the path to true Mastery and to Power. As you prevent its expression in thoughtless ways of nervous and physical activity it will gather accumulated power,—yet still deny it utterance in word or deed, and still gathering power it will yet seek to be master instead of slave obedient to thy high command. In time when it learns it must be obedient to thy will then will it mount into that mysterious something called thy brain, and therein be expressed in creative inventory. Yet even now be still and listen, and amidst all the upheaval of thoughts and ideas there will come to thee in time the one idea, which ripened by thought and action into an actuality will lead thee

out upon the ocean of life in thine own ship to the Arcady of thy dreams.

But there is yet more to do,—you must yet learn to visualize,—to see thy Dream a Reality in all it would mean to thee. And holding fast to thy dream—tho it seems ever so distant—there will come to thee, step by step, the ways and means for its ultimate realization. Tho it may take days, weeks, years, or perchance only tomorrow to be realized, keep thy Dream Ideal ever before thee, for as the “Thinker” thinks so it shall be,—the “Thinker” is the God in thee, the I AM and nothing is impossible to HIM.

But you must have the courage and the faith to go where HE leads, be it even into the unknown and untrod, for wherever thou goeth there will HE be also.

If thou art faithful to the Law herein expressed, there will awaken within thy consciousness the illimitable power of a creative mentality which will add interest and profit to thy earthly days.



CALIFORNIA

I love you California
From Sierra to ocean blue,
From Shasta to the valleys
Of grape and orange bloom.

I love your giant Sequoias,
Conifers and redwoods too.
I love your vales and meadows,
Aflame with poppy bloom.

I love your songs and legends
Of days of auld lang syne,
And your big-hearted welcome
To this golden sunny clime.

I AM

I am the Sovereign Royal,
Of a kingdom unknown and unseen ;
Where the days run over with sunshine,
And the hours seem but a dream.
There the minutes are jeweled with happiness:
For peace and contentment doth reign.

LIFE'S VESTURES

Toga, sackcloth, ermine—all are one!
Proudly we clasp ourselves within the toga's
 folds,
Astute, disdainful of all life,
Save our and kindred own.

Sackcloth and ashes,—lo, who will
Wear them willingly thru earthly days
Save when life compels with heavy blows,
That beat down, destroying all we own.

Ermine and purple,—symbols of regal roy-
 alty,
How few of us it is given so to be?
Were it not better—live life as it comes
Than presume that which was not ours to be.

Toga, sackcloth, ermine,—all are one!
Only to the soul of endless days,
To whom life has opened all its store
And naught remains—save adventures yet
 unknown.

THE IDOLS OF PRETENSE

Money—its lure and glamour—
The essence of things that seem
More worthy than Truth, or Honor,
Is the golden aureole of Pretense.

So ever where mankind labors—
In the humblest shop or home,
Or in marble mart, or palace;
Pretense doth claim its own.

Yet ever as mankind struggles;
For the fleeting baubles of earth,
The Soul,—now stifled, now broken—
Seeks the Source of Truest Worth.

LIFE
"As Is"

Awake, arise,—the time's to hand,
When Ladies, and Lords, and common man,
Betake themselves to the marts of trade,
To rob each other of gold and bread.

Oft-times at the point of a gun—'tis true,
And in devious ways and sinful too.
From white man down to the hottentot
They prey and kill for they know not what.

Yea, so it goes till life is done;
And they call it quits, each, one by one.
IF they go to that place where it doesn't snow,
What's the use of it all—does anyone know?

WORMWOOD

When stars grow dim and earth grows cold,
And all of life from pole to pole
Comes to its final reckoning,
Then you'll remember—I AM GOD.

When all thou hast is as but dust,
And life itself seems nothing much
But wrecked hopes and tangled ruins,
Then you'll remember—I AM GOD.

And in that day the hand of fate
Will turn thy life back—page by page,
Revealing all that thou hast writ;
Then you'll remember—I AM GOD.

THE BELOVED INFIDEL

There's many a one of My children,
Cares naught for ME or MINE;
Nay—rather with curses embracing,
All that is, or could be, Divine.

I look with eyes of compassion,
With mercy, forgiveness, and love,
Knowing they are but as children
In wisdom to those far above.

Serene,—I wait for that moment
Somewhere in the ocean of time,
When Life's restless tides and surges
Brings them to knowing ME and MINE.

THE DREAM ETERNAL

Ere the beginning of things create,
There was but naught—seen or unseen,
Save for that ONE—within whose thought
With vision clear was formed a dream.

Thruout His vast expanse of Self;
The Dream became more than a dream,
For HE Himself was thought exprest;
Of all that was or ev'r could be.

The Dream became the Infinite Thought;
Unfolding all His mind had wrought,
And at His regal Edict—Life began,
With all its Marvels, Love, and Beauty.

SHEKINAH

Oh Spirit, that dwells in the Self of Man,
And braves all the storms of life—
That lives—endures thru the dying years,
With its memories of joy and strife.

Oh Spirit, that sings in the Soul of Man,
And exults thru the darkest night;—
That inspires—guides thru the fleeting hours,
To the dawn of the morrow's light.

Oh Spirit, that speaks from the Heart of
Man,
And gives of its golden lore,—
That bespeaks—reveals thru the veils of self,
The Source of all Life and Love.

WAITING

How can I know the way to go
To find my own—myself alone?
Through trackless realms, above, below,
With ne'er a guide or beacon's glow.

I know my own will come to me,
From o'er the land or o'er the sea.
I wait serene—aye, joyfully,—
Knowing whatever is best will be.

For there's but One and only One
Who knows all things ere time begun
And lives within each soul and heart
And brings to each its very own.

MOTHERHOOD

Dear mother-love, that sacred flame,
That glows and burns within
The heart and soul of womanhood;
Evermore—else life would end.

Oh Spirit patient, tender, true,
That bears beneath thy heart
The agony and anguish born
Of souls brought down to earth.

Would we express the debt we owe;
For the gift of life so rare,
There's naught of any earthly worth
Could repay such love and care.

SILENCE

Silence is Wisdom—from long ages dim
Gone are the footfalls of once mighty men.
Silent the tomb is— no man can tell
What is awaiting beyond Death's knell.

Silence is Golden—long eons past
The glory of life was as dawn of day.
Swiftly the silence of ages enfolds,
Naught left but memories of glories untold.

Silence is Power—seek thou within,
The Secret of ages is hidden therein.
Seeking and finding—open thou its store
Give of thyself to heartweary souls.

THE LORDS OF LIFE

I.

I AM the Lord of the North—
Master of Wintry Blasts AM I;
I spread my silvery mantle o'er all,
That they may in peaceful sleep abide.

II.

I AM the Lord of the East—
Master of Mysteries AM I;
I shed my roseate aureole o'er all,
And they that sleep awaken into Life.

III.

I AM the Lord of the South—
Master of Subtle Witcheries AM I;
I wave my azure mantle o'er all,
And yearnings awake that never die.

IV.

I AM the Lord of the West—
Master of the Unknown AM I;
I beckon to one here—one there,
Adventurers all—seeking Eternal Life.

A SONG

Our lives are but a vibrant note,
In cadence sung, of joy—despair.
A chord from out the Lyre of Life
As touched by Fate's unseen hands.

Live on thru life with trust and faith,
With courage high unto the end,
And at the last when trials are done,
Then thine will be true Life indeed.

If I should be of us the first
To cross that unseen barrier o'er,
I'll guide thee, comfort thee thru life
And meet thee at the opened door.

THE ANGELUS

Lo, in the west the golden sun is dying,
Even so as life when at its sunset hour.
Lo, how its light, fast departing, sheds its
glory
Of peaceful benediction o'er the parting day.

There is no death, no night, no sleep eternal,
That sunset hour is but the dawning of a
brighter day,
Wherein no care, no burdens, no earthly sor-
row,
Can enter in, for lo! a heaven is there.

Lift up thine eyes, gaze thru the sunset por-
tals,—
Glimpse thou the vision of the life beyond.
Tremulous with wonder at its ever spreading
glory,—
At the clear crystal of its skies and seas.

Thrilling to the balmy lovelit radiance, flood-
ing
Its lands and life with happiness divine,
Those there are they, whose hearts forever
are singing—
In the glad consciousness of Freedom, Love
and Power.

The vision fades as the darkening twilight
gathers,
But thy faith awakens as the earthly shadows
fall,
For now to thee life has become an inspira-
tion,
Living to be worthy of that perfect endless
day.

A VISION

I dreamt I passed beyond the barrier
That divides Life from seeming death,
Greeting again friends long departed;
And dear ones clasped in love's embrace.

I stood amazed—the joy, the gladness,
And youthfulness of those I loved—
Such happiness of life and living,
Was never known on earth below.

And as the golden radiance flooded
My soul with joy,—peace divine,
Life stood revealed,—deathless, eternal,
Changeless thru eons past—to be.

DAWN HOUR

Dawn hour, the light is breaking
On a new life and a new day.
The night of sorrow and dark forebodings
Is past and fading fast away.

The spreading light is full of promise,
For perfect happiness, joy, and peace,
To fill our hearts to overflowing;—
All else is naught but a memory.

And all our hearts' deepest devotion
Could ever know will be known here,
Within thy soul abides Nivirna,
Where dreams come true to fade no more.

Let us then go on, believing, becoming,
The truth of all that we would be,—
And as the day grows full in splendor,
We, too, shall share its reality.

FAITH

However dark the clouds
The sun is ever shining,—
Bid thy faith see beyond
The stormy, earthly shroud.

For deep within thy heart
Dwells thy heavenly Father,
Whose radiant love forever
Links thee with one,—with all.

And when thy path below,
Is beset with earthly sorrows,
That pierce the beating heart,
And sear and tear the soul.

Seek thou within thyself
That inner shrine,—the temple
Of things unseen, where dwells
Thy Selfless self—Eternal reality.

DREAMS

Oh, there's a land where dreams come true,
Where plenty is and naught to do,
But live; and love; and dream awhile
And watch the world as it passes by.

Oh the sun-kissed sands of this happy isle;
Where the winds blow soft o'er the surging
 tide,
And the aeolian songs through the nights
 and days
Bring joyous thoughts from far away.

There the star-lit nights are a delight,
So balmy, and full of sparkling lights
From shining eyes and moon-kissed hair,
And love-touched laughter everywhere.

Oh the dream will ever be with me
Of this Elysian kingdom by the sea.
There would I live as the days go by,
'Twere not for fate and the needs of life.

OH WHY?

Oh, why shouldn't the spirit of mortal be
proud?

Is he not even more than the dust?

By the winds tossed at play
As they roam thru the days
To the odds and ends of the earth.

Oh, why shouldn't the spirit of mortal be
proud?

Is he not even more than the stars

That by night deck the skies
And thru days fade and die
And become even "dust unto dust"?

Oh, why shouldn't the spirit of mortal be
proud?

Is he not of the Father's own—

With a trust in his heart
And a faith in his soul
That by spirit the spirit is known?

REVERIES

I'm so lonely,
 lonely,
 lonely,
For that understanding dear,
That betokens friendship's meeting,
Filling life with richness rare.

I'm so lonely,
 lonely,
 lonely,
For the whispered words of lore,
That betokens true love's mating—
'Tis the sweetest joy ev'r known.

I'm so lonely,
 lonely,
 lonely,
For the friends of long ago,
And loved ones of dearest memory—
In their hearts they loved me so.

FATE

The love of man and maiden fair
Has been since time began,
The sweetest story ever told
With lips, or eyes, or hands.

Yet true it is that often times
When love doth seek its own,
It faileth in the voyage fair
And the heart becomes a tomb.

Yet true again it is that those
Who seek shall always find
Their heart's desire of happiness—
The goal of all mankind.

“KISMET”

One starry bright November night,
In chambers high, the Lords of Life
Were moving pawns from place to place,
Upon the checker-board of Fate.

And as they played—in silence grim—
This game of chess since time began,
Two pawns were face-to-face once more,
As once they were in the long ago.

And each remembered an old-time friend,
Thru memories almost faded and dim—
Checkmates they are for awhile at least,
Till the Lords of Life give them release.

As of old they live and love renew,
Till the sands of Time flow to the end,
And again they part to meet once more,
In a fairer clime on a distant shore.

I love thee, Dear Heart,
Only thee, my own.
I love thee beyond life
And that fair Heaven home.
I loved thee thru eons,
Long forgotten and past,
I'll follow thy love-light
Thru eons to the last.

MEMORIES

Oh memories of love-lit days,
When deep I gazed into her eyes
And read therein awakening love,
So pure, so full beyond desire.

And as the days sped swiftly by,
Her lovelight shone; a hallowed flame,
Refining every thought and deed,
And life was nevermore the same.

My heart is wrung with silent grief,
My soul is dewed with countless tears;
Her love has passed beyond my ken,—
Alone I face the coming years.

I stand without the door and knock
Upon the portals of thy heart.
Canst thou not hear the summons clear,
In silvery tones, so full and rare?
Bid thou me enter and I will come
Into thy sacred love-lit home,
Where heart to heart is ever known,
And Love finds peace and happiness.

“SOMEWHERE”

Somewhere in the world a heart beats,
For one and but only one;
Somewhere two hands are waiting;
For that clasp till life is done.

Somewhere two eyes are shining;
Reflecting her love within,
Somewhere two lips are waiting,
For that promise from only him.

Somewhere the golden sunlight
Falls on her curly head,
And ever the gentle breezes
Caress her in his stead.

Somewhere in the world she is waiting,
Yearning and longing for me;
Somewhere and sometime I'll meet her,
Then we'll so happy be.

A PRAYER

Life give me of Love,
Revealing thy strength,
Inspiring my trust,
Unfolding thy Peace.



TO A DIAMOND

The lights that sparkle in thy clear limpid
depths,
And gleams and glows with nature's mystic
fires,
Is but a token of the living light within
My heart and soul that never, never dies.

JUST A WORD

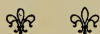
There's never a man or woman
In their journey thru earthly life,
But hasn't met in their hour of need
Some one with words of ice.

With never a heed of disaster
Or even a thought or care,
Of bleeding hearts or empty hands
They speak with indifferent air.

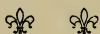
Such words of grim refusal
To a voice raised in despair—
Oh! for kindly hearts and friendly hands
That would minister and forbear.

Words but bespeak the heart within,
Be careful, heart o' mine,
A word may wreck a life,—a home,
Beyond God's repair or thine.

Whatever we do, or think, or say,
Is thought impressed on mortal clay;
To live,—endure,—thru endless days,
For Joy or Ruin of those to be.



Step softly among human hearts,
No one can see or ever tell
What sorrow, anguish, or despair,
Has come to those we love so well.



Within thyself there dwells a Being,
So full of wondrous, glorious power,
Seek thou within thyself its presence;
And live it forth thru every hour.

“DO THYSELF NO HARM”

Beware of the wiles of women,
With painted lips and eyes that snare,
Beware of the glass that sparkles
With nepenthe to drown your cares.

Beware of the greenclad table
With cards and chips stacked high.
You can't get something for nothing
No matter how hard you try.

Every end has its beginning;
Lost in the maze of things,
Till time brings us to the reckoning,
And the dregs of misspent gains.

Remember to “do thyself no harm,”
No matter where thou mayst be,
For body, mind, and soul belong
To God and not to thee.

Oh Hully Gee,
When we were wee,
How we did kick
And shout with glee.

Our hair was thin,
But not from worry.
We couldn't walk
And didn't hurry.

But goodness knows,
What could we do?
We had no teeth
And couldn't chew.

THE ROSARY

Swiftly the Golden Moments speed
Into the mists of memories.
Each one a pearl of greatest price;
Strung on the Rosary of Life.

Each pearl a glistening, sheeny sphere,
Reflecting laughter, love and tears,
Or heartaches, sorrow or despair,
More than the heart was meant to bear.

And as we count them,—one by one
Unto the end till life is done,
May we so live that every pearl
Reflects its beauty to the world.

The Greatest Miracle in the world is the power of Accomplishment that is born of and nurtured by Faith,—Faith in Self, in Humanity, and Faith in Faith.

Thru it men have delved into the Unknown and Unseen and revealed wonders, and attained the seemingly impossible.

It is the Keystone of every Achievement, every Success, every Triumph, of every benefit that has ever been conferred upon Humanity, the Power behind every Vision and Ideal realized.

With it everything is possible—without it you achieve NOTHING.

I can be what I will to be,
Have I not courage, God above;
With mind aflame and heart aglow:
To brave the steeps of life and go
Ev'r upwards on that narrow trail;
Whose end is hid by clouds,
So dark and stormy with foreboding fears,
That only faith and trust in Thee
Can keep the inner vision clear
Which sees the goal beyond,
The heritage of years, the only visioned now;
Yet soon to be—FAIREST REALITY.

The achievements of yesterday
Are forgotten in the triumphs of today,
And the dawning vision of tomorrow's possi-
bilities
Lifts us up out of the Valley of Human Lim-
itations
To the Heights of Divine Accomplishment.

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